

Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers
KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1962

'Torrance by the Sea'

Mrs. Philip Clark and all who helped her in giving Torrance excellent representation in the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena Jan. 1, deserve the special gratitude of the community. This is a type of community service that entails not only the giving of one's time, but calls for rigorous physical labor and self sacrifice.

While this city's participation in an event that unquestionably is outstanding in Southern California was worthwhile, it scored particularly, we think, in causing multitudes of spectators to realize for the first time that Torrance has its own little niche along the shores of the blue Pacific.

"Torrance by the Sea" is no embroidered community puff. It is a geographical fact often not appreciated by our own citizenry so saturated with statistics on population and industrial growth that many of the community's most worthwhile attributes in the realm of good living are overlooked.

A Lethal Property

The family automobile in 1962 remains one of the most valuable properties in the course of modern living. It continues to be, also, the most lethal family possession each time it leaves the premises.

Torrance closed the year with a tragic traffic accident that proved fatal to one young woman and there were others that could easily have been as serious. Drivers who finished the year without accident can consider themselves lucky for they can recall incidents where they might have helped made up the awful statistics shortly to be released by authorities and the National Safety Council.

Police and traffic experts repeatedly point out that in the vast majority of instances, serious automobile accidents can be avoided. Speed, traffic dawdlers, and drivers who ride too close to the vehicle just ahead, still form the triumvirate of the most guilty.

Familiarity breeds contempt and driving the family auto becomes as routine as turning on the faucet or brushing the teeth. Few drivers, the experts say, ever give a serious thought to the tremendous power unleashed by the simple act of pressing down ever so slightly on the right foot.

The nation's largest utility company has what it calls a "defensive" driving course for all of its employees operating company-owned vehicles. Lately this course has been made available to wives or husbands of employees because it has been so enthusiastically received.

The main objective of the course is to make every driver conscious of the everlasting fact that he must not only drive carefully himself but he must be on guard, ready to act instantly to preserve himself against the carelessness of all other drivers anywhere near him. In short, it does him no good merely to have the satisfaction he was not responsible for an accident that caused him economic loss or, worse, put him in the hospital.

California drivers have been applauded as among the most skillful in the world. More often, however, skill may be rated less desirable than sound judgement.

Morning Report:

At the end of one year and the beginning of a next annually calls forth statements from just about everybody listed in the telephone book.

And the funny thing is that as soon as a citizen is asked for a statement, he becomes a thinker. Fellows who can't keep track of their own check stubs become financial wizards. Residents who can't settle a fence fight with a neighbor are ready with formulas for South America and all the other continents.

As for me, I'll be satisfied if 1962 is no worse than 1961. And if it's better, I'll be gratefully surprised.

Abe Mellinkoff

ROYCE BRIER

A Study in Population: 410 Survive 95-Year-Old

Dr. Albert Burke, surely the best intellect operating presently in television, has been concerning himself lately with the population explosion. Population Bulletin has for some years been exploring the subject, now comes up with a strange American one-man "explosion." The material was written by Glenn D. Everett.

The man was John Eli Miller, a member of the Amish religious sect who died recently in Ohio, aged 95. On his death this man had five living children, 61 grandchildren, 338 great-grandchildren, six great-great-grandchildren, total, 410. It is probably an American record.

These pietists descend from the Anabaptists, and accept the Epistles of Paul literally. They were persecuted in Europe because they would not bear arms, and the first families came to Pennsylvania around 1737.

If an Amish takes a town job or marries outside the sect he is subject to meidung (shunning). Today they exclusively read, and write to, a weekly newspaper, the Sugar Creek (Ohio) Budget, which has a circulation of 10,000, though published in a village of 900.

Like your great-grandparents, the Amish have large families, but they don't die off in infancy, because the Amish curiously do not oppose modern medicine. Thus within the sect they are generating exactly the population explosion noted by demographers in Asia and Latin America, and for the same

Do You Recognize 'Em?



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Wall Streeters, Stewing About Image, Get Ulcers

If anything were needed to point up the soupy thinking characteristic of a nation being brainwashed into conformity to the character of Caspar Milquetoast, the amiable little poltroon in the cloth hat, it is the intelligence carried in the press of the land that "Wall Street" is getting worried again about its "image" in the American consciousness.

The continued phony investigations, indictments and other harassments of business mounting in the hysterical cycle of the Administration's futility and frustration, securities dealers fear, will damage public esteem of the stock market and inhibit investments necessary to finance the national economy. Wall Street, if there is such an entity, should relax. It never had an image until the mendacious psychopaths of Madison Avenue, a much less attractive thoroughfare in its implications, sold them this bogus bill of goods.

Wall Street, the stock market, big business and money generally have always been at their best when they enjoyed the worst possible press. The captains and the kings of finance Americans have most admired have been the most ruthless, hardest-headed and most arrogant, and the attempts of the image-makers to debase them

with a sort of wretched humanitarianism has been on a par with the campaign to make bankers folksy.

Ivy Lee, who placed a midge on the lap of the Younger John Pierpont Morgan during a Senate investigation, although he was widely hailed at the time as a benefactor of capitalism and a humanizer of big business, in fact did banking and finance generally more harm than Jay Gould ever did, and Gould was a superman of disaster. The midge act cheapened the image of money and worse than that it cheapened the image of the name of Morgan.

Never mind Abe Lincoln or Mr. Washington or even the now godlike Robert E. Lee. The one name at whose mention all Americans, and most of the rest of the world, stood and uncovered in his time was that of the Elder Morgan. That dynamic greatness isn't hereditary was demonstrated when his son was permitted a dwarf to be placed in his lap instead of throwing him through the window.

Money, which is pure quintessence of everything that everybody wants most, is above amiability and folksiness. The reason the Texas archmillionaire is held in universal contempt and detestation isn't because, nine times out of ten, he's an illiterate boor, but because he affects the meanness and habit of his inferiors.

If the oil-rich dolts of Dallas and Houston were worthy of the largesse that chance has showered down on them, they would latch onto the inescapable fact that rich men to achieve universal respect, should act like their counterparts elsewhere and live up to the estate they have achieved. An oil man, with an estimated income of \$100,000 a day snapping his gaudy laces and eating at drive-ins is an offense against God and any propriety you care to name.

Americans have always accorded their admiration, along with their envy which is only natural, to the achievement of wealth more than anything else you care to name. The rags to riches theme is the greatest single article of national faith, the epic of the national body of folklore.

For three generations now, biographers and historians have been denouncing the scoundrelly, predatory, rapacious and anti-social character of Goulds, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Hills, Crockers, Huntingtons, Villards, Carnegies, Fricks, Mellons, Astors and Whitneys with what re-

sult? The result has been that the aforementioned and rascally Vanderbilts, Whitneys and so forth are the national heroes of the American people, venerated and applauded by the overwhelming bulk of the national sentiment which has small time for statesmen, generals, scientists, humanitarians and inventors.

In the light of this overpowering public attitude toward wealth and its custodians, Wall Street needn't bother too much worrying about its image.

To discover that the partners in Merrill, Lynch are in fact prudent, timid little men with ulcers, who lunch at Nedick's instead of the Bankers' Club and who want to be loved for their homey ways like any television actor, is to destroy an illusion. Show me a man accustomed to the presence and administration of large sums of money who wants it known that he is plain as an old shoe and I'll show you an outside heel.

Quote

"Judging by the taste of the so-called apple juice we bought last week, the flood at Waltham must have got clear up in the cider mill." — Louis Nelson Bowman, Tri-County (King City, Mo.) News.

"The Supreme Court has leaned so far over backward in "protecting" minority groups — including communists and atheists — that it has read into the Constitution meanings which had not been discovered before by justices or lawmakers for 200 years." — Lloyd Frisbie, Polk County (Bartow, Fla.) Democrat.

"A livestock expert predicts that butcher shops of the future will stock only boneless meat. That sounds like a surrender to the hamburger." — John C. Porter, Rexburg (Ida.) Standard.

Stoutish, middle-aged women, a motor expert reports, are the safest drivers; but, my boy, you'd better be pretty darned careful whom you compliment on that score." — John W. Richards, Pageland (S.C.) Journal.

"Now a U.S. space capsule has circled the globe carrying a robot. But so far no magazine has bought exclusive rights to the robot's story." — Mark Nelson, Fountain Inn (S.C.) Tribune.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Free World Gained Much Over Tyranny During '61

From where I sit the Free World is further a head of communism than at this time last year . . . we have won more than we lost . . . Khrushchev is in the worst trouble of his five-year uneasy leadership in Russia . . . communism is losing the showdown.

The reason these conclusions may surprise some of our readers is simply because our set-backs are better headlined. Too many sensationalists . . . too much headline seeking by politicians clamoring for attention . . . too much competition on circulation and TV viewers . . . and the human frailty on constant emphasis on the bad over the good.

This is not to be construed that our head is buried in the sand and that we are not aware of crisis and dangers and problems. It is simply to point out that Khrushchev is not winning everywhere and we aren't losing everywhere, as some sensationalists will make you believe.

There is a real threat from communism . . . but there is a real threat to communism. While there are "anti-communist schools" telling us of the communist threat . . . there are no pro-America schools to tell us where and how we are a more serious threat to communism. There is no organized effort to tell the American people where we are winning.

We would like to set the record straight and in fair news balance, as we begin a new year which promises even greater hope. It's a fact that the U.S. won its greatest victory in the Berlin crisis, precipitated by Khrushchev and Ulbricht with the erection of the barbed wire and the concrete blocks dividing the two Berlins. The fact that millions of people living under the rat-trap of communism in Russia, the satellites, East Germany, East Berlin, escaped to the West is proof of communist failure . . . proof of communist humiliation around the world . . . proof of communist fear of revolutions behind the Iron curtain . . . proof of the superiority and preference of life in the West.

Berlin could well prove the beginning of the most serious decline of communism in its 45 years existence in Russia. Nothing in the entire period of the cold war has given the West such a clear-cut victory of universal proportions as the communist wall.

The U.S. has made great strides in space and has moved ahead of communism in important areas of instrumentation and accuracy. We are closing the gap on missile thrust fast . . . and are far ahead in the number of space vehicles now orbiting the earth.

We have neutralized Soviet submarine superiority with nuclear subs and the Polaris missiles. We have overtaken the Soviet arsenal of missiles and rockets in almost every category. Our strategic air force (SAC), is the most powerful air arm in the world. We have more warships than all the warships of the world combined, friends and foe together.

We penetrated Soviet space with U-2's for five years (undetected) . . . now we are penetrating and photographing Russia daily with space vehicles.

Our defense posture has been strong for years . . . it's stronger today.

The rift between Russia and Red China is out of the rumor stage. It's now real and obvious and only a matter of time when the two colossi of communism will come to a showdown. When this occurs, anything can happen — for the Chinese and Russian armies are standing by ready to close the power gap. The Chinese communist leaders are seriously concerned about the threat of the Chinese army to their leadership in the face of famine and internal unrest.

The Congo is still critical, but we are more than holding our own since the dark days of Patrice Lumumba and the threat of communist takeover. We have gained ground in the Middle East with the breakdown of the United Arab Re-

public by Syria . . . containing at least the danger of an attack on Israel. The cutting down of Nasser to size brings more hope for an Arab-Israel compromise sooner than might have been expected.

Communism is losing ground in India . . . for the threat of its revival in former communist Kerala has lost its steam. The recent elections in Japan, Italy, Greece, Turkey, France, Germany showed overall gains for the West. This more than offset our set-backs in Laos, Finland, British Guiana. Cuba still remains our most serious problem in the hemisphere.

The United Nations recovered from the crisis created by the untimely death of Dag Hammarskjold, even though it has lost much of its stature. The U.N. cannot survive indefinitely so long as its members permit charter violations by the communist bloc . . . and so long as its charter persists that a nation the size of the U.S. and a nation the

size of a U.S. city should have the same voice. This is not only unrealistic but makes us vulnerable to the whims of illiterate, emotional, colonial-hating, half-civilized nations being admitted prematurely in the U.N.

So long as most of the world is starving and a small fraction dieting, there will be no end to world tensions and crisis. So long as politicians look to the next election and not to the next generation, there will be confusion at home. So long as so many of our citizens make money and power the principal object of human pursuit, there will be internal strife. So long as immature alumni condone the paying of the professor of football twice the salary of the professor of science, they are perpetuating the false sense of values for generations to come.

In the new year we need to take a long look at ourselves . . . along with the hard look at Khrushchev.

Hoppe in Wonderland

The Lady At Dinner Said:

Art Hoppe

By Art Hoppe

"Oh, no, I don't care a fig for survival. I mean if the Bomb goes off. My husband, Fred — he's the one down at the other end of the table next to Mrs. Whatsher-name — he's always telling me I'm afraid to think about the Bomb. Nonsense. I just think it's silly to worry about things like that.

"No, no thank you. No butter. I'm not saying cholesterol is bad for you. But there's no sense taking chances, is there? Ha, ha.

"Where was I? Oh, yes, the Bomb. It's not that I'm afraid to think about it, the way Fred says. It's really that I'm a fatalist. I'm a terrible fatalist.

"I mean being a fatalist. I think that when the Bomb goes off, I'll either be blown up or I won't. It's as simple as that. And there's no sense worrying about survival and all. I mean that how you look at things if you're a fatalist.

"Cream? Help yourself. I love it, but I've given it up. No, no sugar either, thanks. I have my saccharin pills here. See? I carry them in this little jeweled pillbox. Isn't it cute? No, the saccharins are the white ones. The brown ones are my vitamin pills. I do think they're good for you. No, the dark brown ones. The others are my tranquilizers.

"But . . . What were we saying? Oh, the Bomb. Well, Fred says we ought to do something about it. He's against shelters for political reasons. Of course, I couldn't care less about shelters. What with being a fatalist and all.

"Thank you, I'd love a cigarette. Wasn't that a nice dinner? Oh, you smoke those. I think I'll have one of mine. I prefer filters. Lung cancer, you know. Ha, ha.

"Anyway, Fred and I had this awful fight about it on the way over here tonight. He said if I wasn't afraid to think about the Bomb, I'd join one of those Women for Peace groups or something. And I said, really, I suppose they're all well and good. But, being a fatalist, I feel that we'll either have a thermonuclear war or we won't. And I'll either survive or I won't. And Fred got so mad he slammed on the brakes. Honestly, I would have gone through the windshield if it weren't for my seat belt. Do you have seat belts? Oh, you should. They reduce serious injuries by a third and I . . . WHAT WAS THAT?

"Oh, a sonic boom. My, for a minute I thought . . . I'm awfully sorry I spilled your coffee. And all down your trousers. Well, that's nice of you to say. Maybe you're a fatalist, too, ha, ha. I mean we fatalists don't worry about life or death or spilled coffee. We just enjoy things as they come. And never worry about tomorrow. Will you have a vitamin pill?"

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"Well . . . you said to stop bothering you with questions!"